

And The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,

To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower methode:

Is not the causer of the time-leſſe deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.

Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,

To vnder take the death of all the world,

So I might rest that houre in your sweet bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,

These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,

You should not blemish them if I stood by:

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouer shade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,

To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,

To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

of Richard the third.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not

How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,

Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.

Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,

God will reuenge it. But come lets in

To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Girl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head

And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,

If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:

As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:

It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,

The King my Vncle is too blame for this.

God will reuenge it, whom I will importune

With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester

Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,

Deuſ'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when he told me so he wept,

And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheek,

And bad me relie on him as on my father,

And he would loue me dearly as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,

And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,

He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this?

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